MUSIC AND DANCING.

New Songs,

BY

THE MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS

As Performed at the

King's Theatre in the Haymarket,

With an Explanation of the

D A N C E S,

Compoſed by Sig. VESTRIS, Sen.

To which is added,

A List of the Subscribers to the

B O X E S.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY J. HAMMOND, BULLIN COURT, STRAND.

OPPOSITE THE ADELPHI.

1791.

SINGERS.

Signor David,
Signor Tajana,
Signor Albertarelli,
Signora Seſtini,
and
Signora Cappelletti.

Leader of the Band, Mr. SALOMON.

Ballet Maſter, SIG. VESTRIS, Sen.

PRINCIPAL DANCERS.

Mr. VESTRIS, Jun.
Mr. VERMEILLY,
Mr. VICTOR,
Mlle. PREVOT,
Mlle. HILLIGSBERG,
Mlle MOZON,
Mlle. St AMANT,
Mlle, AUGUSTINE.
Mlle. DORIVAL,

FIGURE DANCERS.

Mr. Hus,
Mr. Rogat
Signor Gianni,
Signor Sala,
Mr. Gaurier,
Mr Bourgeois,
Mr. Ferrers,
Mr. Puns,
Signor Giorgi, Sen.
Mr. Giorgi, Jun.
Mr. Armoire,
Signor Caſali,
Mr. Blache,
Mr. Roſſe,
Mlle. De la Croix,
Madame Dupin,
Mlle. Dromat,
Mlle. Prault,
Signora Fuſi,
Madam Ferrers,
Mlle. Peullié,
Mlle. Gabanel, ſen.
Mlle. Gabanel, jun.
Mlle. Matthieux
Mlle. Puns,
Mlle. Rivard,
Mlle. B. Giorgi,
Mlle. P. Giorgi.

New Additional Songs.

FOR THIS EVENING

Aria, Signora Seſtini.

The Muſic by Giordani.

SENTO che in ſeno
Mi batte il core,
Se un dolce amore
Mi fai ſperar.
Volgi un poco quelli occhietti,
Che mi han fatto innamorar;
Triſtarello, bricconcello
Tu vuoi farmi delirar.

My tender heart goes pit a pat the moment you encourage me with ſome hope.
Why dont you turn your eyes on me. Ah! the little rogue! you only wiſh to make me ſigh.

Aria, Signora Seſtini.

With the Accompaniment of the Pedal Harp.

The Muſic by Signor Fagioli.

Amor mi parla al core,
Conſola il mio penar,
Ma con un nuovo ardore
Mi cerca trappolar.
D'un ciglio amoroſetto
Mi vanta la beltà;
Ma vedo che 'l furbetto
Non ha ſincerità.
Se avvien che mi decida
Di por fra' lacci il core,
Non prenderò per guida
Il cieco Dio d' amor.

Love whiſpers to my heart, and endeavours to enſlave it, but he only means to deceive me. He ſays that I am pretty; but I know that he has no ſincerity. Should I at laſt fix my wandering thoughts, ſure I wont be led by the blind urchin.

Duetto. Signor David and Signora Seſtini.

From the Buona Figliuola, the Muſic by Piccini

La Baroneſſa amabile,
Idolo mio ſi tu.
Spoſina mia adorabile,
Cara, non pianger più.
Cecchina miſerabile!
Gioco ſi prende ancor.
Almen delle mie lagrime
Senta pietade il cor.

Dear Fanny! charming Fanny! You are my lovely baroneſs, my ſweet bride! O grieve not thus Poor Fanny! wretched fanny! 'Tis too hard to mock me thus! let my tears implore your pity.
What I've told you, indeed, is true.

Ah, ch' io ti dico il vero!
Ah, tanto ben non ſpero!
Stelle! pietoſe ſtelle!
Voi diſvelate il ver.
Cara, venite quì.
Non vo' morir così.
Tu ſei di ſangue nobile,
Tutto ti narrerò.
Non m' ingannate, oh barbaro!
Ah, non vi credo no!
Venti anni ſono foſte trovata
Abbandonata da un Colonnello
Per il macello, che fè la guerra
Sù queſta terra; e un ſegno avete:
Si sà chi ſiete,
Marianna è il nome; queſto ſi sà.
Piano, Signore, per carità.
Con tante coſe io mi confondo;
Son fuor del mondo; coſa ſarà?
Il genitore uom di valore,
Ch' è in Ungheria, manda il
ſoldato,
Che vi ha laſciato, per ricercarvi
Per conſolarvi, venuto quà.
Piano, ſignore, per carità!
Ahi, che mi ſento il cor nel petto
Per il timore, per il diletto
Non sò penſare, non sò parlar.
Allegramente, cara ſpoſina,
Non ſon Cecchina?
Siete Marianna, la baroneſſa,
Vi poſſo credere? Poſſo ſperar?
Vi dico il vero, ſon cavaliero;
E la mia ſpoſa non vo' ingannar.
Ah ſento il giubilo, che a poco
a poco
Vuol prender loco dentro al mio
cor.
Dammi la mano. Ah, non
vorrei
Quella tu ſei. Quella ſei tu.
Ah, che mi moro! Non poſſo
più,
E' tal contento quello ch'io ſento
Che gioja ſimile mai non vi fù.
Sorte felice goder mi lice!
Care catene! Pene non più.

Alas! ſo great a fortune is too far beyond my hopes. Ye ſtars! let the truth be known.

Come my love! oh come to me.

Oh no, I will not die thus.

You are a lady of quality, I will tell you how it was.

Cruel man deceive me not! I dont know how to believe you.

Tis twenty years ſince you were loſt on the road by a Colonel, in the havock that war then made in this country: you have a mark. We know perfectly who you are, Marianna is your real name.

Softly my lord, for pity ſake, ſo many things at once confound me. I am almoſt out of my ſenſes, how can this be?

Your father is a man renown'd for his valour, is now in Hungary, and has ſent the ſoldier who was with you, to find you out and give you comfort.

Softly my lord, for pity's ſake, my heart is fluttering with fear and joy, I know not what to think or what to ſay.

Cheer up my beauteous bride.

How! am I not Fanny?

Your name is Marianna, you are a baroneſs. May I believe you, and hope ſo far?

Upon my honor tis as I tell you, I'd ne'er deceive my bride

My heart begins to feel an unknown joy. Give me your hand. But I would not—

Tis as I told you.

It is a wonder if I dont die!
No mortal was e'er ſo happy!
Fortune has ended my diſtreſſes,
What bliſs can equal mine.

All the other Songs may be found in the following Pages

NEW SONGS, &c.

Overture by Signor Federici.

Aria, Signora Seſtini.

The Muſic by Signor Giordano.

SE un dolce affetto
M'accende il core,
Al caro oggetto
Fida ſarò.
Ma poi d' amore
Fra le catene,
Pel caro bene
Languir non vo'.

If a pleaſing object inflames my heart, I am ſure my affection ſhall prove conſtant. Yet I don't chuſe to feel the pangs of love; I wont have my mind perplexed, and my heart tortured for any body.

Aria, Signor Albertarelli.

The Muſic by Signor Valentini.

Tutti dicon che le donne
Piene ſon di falſità,
Ma van loro tutti appreſſo:
Queſta coſa come và.
Qui non c' è da dubitare,
Chi diſprezza vuol comprare,
La cagione è queſta quà.

Every one ſays that women are all falſe, and yet men are for ever ruuning mad after them; what can this be! Tis a certain thing that he who deſpiſes intends to purchaſe, this is the true reaſon. The proverb is well

Il proverbio l' aſſicura,
E ciaſcuno ben lo ſa.
Dica ognuno quel che vuole,
Io la voglio dir più ſchietta,
Senza un poco di donnetta
Si ſta male in verità.
Sì care donne, voi ſiete amabili,
Siete corteſi, ſiete adorabili,
Siete ſiete, talarà là:
Dunque le belle vivan cent' anni
Sempre contente, prive d'affanni,
Le brutte poi talarà là.

well known. For my own part I am well convinced that without women nothing can go right. Yes my dear ladies you are ſweet lovely creatures, you are good-natured, kind, civil, and tender-hearted, yes, you are---derry down, derry down. May the fair ones live a hundred years, and the ugly---fal de ra, ſal de ra, &c.

Aria, Signor David.

The Muſic by Mr. Ruſt.

Ah! che mi ſento oh Dio!
Tenera voce al core;
Deh figlio al mio dolore
Volgi uno ſguardo almen.
Ah che non ho più pace,
Foſco mi ſembra il giorno,
Ho certo larve intorno,
Ho mille furie in ſen.

Methinks I hear a tender voice ſpeaking to my heart, methinks my father relates his ſufferings to me. Alas! my ſoul can enjoy no peace, every object threatens me with deſtruction, I have a thouſand furies within my breaſt.

TERZETTO,
Signor David, Signor Albertarelli, and Signora Seſtini.

The Muſic by Signor Paeſiello.

Vaga mano ſoſpinta,
Se ti ſtringo, pien d'affanno
Sei martello che nel petto
Percuotendo ognor mi ſtà.
Belle luci del mio bene
V'amerò. Se or mi mirate,
Un ruſcello reſſembrate,
Che ſcorrendo al cor mi và.

Dear lovely hand, if I do but touch you, my heart goes pit a pat, as if there was a hammer knocking on my breaſt. Delicious creature, ſure I will love you. When you do but look at me, I burn like an oven,

Well

Combattete coll' armi più fiere,
Date fiato alle trombe guerriere,
Su miei fidi moſtrate valor.
Perdo già la ſofferenza
Con coſtui per verità ;
Ma biſogna aver pazienza,
Egli è ſordo, lei lo ſa.
Mena delle ceffate---
Vaghe mie pupille amate
Vi prometto fedeltà ;
O che fiato ! che voce moleſta !
Già mi rota, mi gira la teſta,
Già m' accendo di sdegno e furor.

Well my brave companions 'tis time to give a proof of your valour, let the warlike trumpet blow. I begin to loſe all patience with this fellow, he is as deaf as a door nail. My dear jewel, you may depend on my ſincerity. What a teazing fellow ! he breaks my head quite to pieces. I think I ſhall ſoon be in a paſſion.

End of the Firſt Part of the Muſical Entertainment.

La Fete Provençale,

A Ballet, compoſed by Mr. Veſtris, ſen.

SECOND PART.

Overture, by Mr. HAYDN.

Aria, Signor Tajana.

The Muſic by Sacchini.

IL caro ben perdei,
L' anima mia morì
Andromeda ove ſei ?
Se l' unico teſoro
Voi m' involate o Dei,
Ah no che non poſs'io
Più vivere coſì.

I have loſt the object of my affections, my very ſoul is dead. Andromeda where art thou ? Ye powers ! ſince you deprive me of my happineſs, you cannot but deſire my death.

Aria,

Aria, Signora Seſtini.

The Muſic by Signor Barbella.

Quando mi trovo
Preſſo il mio bene,
Da mille pene
Libero ho il cor.
Ma ſe poi reſto
Sola ſoletta,
Nulla mi alletta,
Tutto è dolor.

When I am with my love I find myſelf free from ſorrow, in a ſtate of perfect happineſs. But when I am alone, nothing pleaſes me, every object is for me vexation of ſpirit.

Aria, Signor Albertarelli.

The Muſic by Paeſiello.

Pietà, pietà Minerva,
Correggi ſta ſcempiaggine
Scaglia dal Ciel una caterva
Di ſenno e probità.
E voi d' amor parlate,
I dogmi miei prendete,
Zitti, morir dovete,
Come morì Mamma,
Amor o ſtroppia felicità,
E' un ſpirito tormentato
Da ſbirri e creditori,
Da indomiti fratelli,
E' coſa tanto barbara
Cl' a furia ho da ſcappar.

Minerva, for pity's ſake, correct this bull, pour on my pate a large doſe of common ſenſe, and you mind what I ſay, for now I am a wiſe-acre, ye ſhall die, as my grandmother did. Love is the devil, tis a curſed plague---this is a noble ſentence !

Aria, Signora Cappelletti,

The Muſic by Mr Schuſter.

Le Donne han tanti inganni,
E così poca fede,
Che l' uom virtù ſi crede
Poterle corbellar.
Ma s'una alfin fra tante
Si trova che sia buona,
A quella l' uom coſtante
Non ſa d' amor cangiar.

Women have ſo many tricks and ſo ſmall a portion of faith, that men think themſelves juſtified in deceiving them. Yet when they happen to meet a truly good woman, they look on her as a treaſure, and never can forget her.

Aria, Signor David.

The Muſic by Giordanello.

Penſieri funeſti
Deh non mi turbate,
In pace laſciate
L' afflitto mio cor.

Ye frightful ideas away, diſturb my ſoul no more, let my anguiſhed heart enjoy a moment of reſt.

QUARTETTO,
Signor David, Signor Albertarelli, Signor Cappelletti, and Signora Cappelletti.

The Muſic by Signor Cherubini.

Cara da voi dipende
La pace del mio cor!
Ah! che nel ſen m' accende
Un mongibello amor.
Cerca per un momento
Di luſingarli ancor.
Acceſo anch' io mi ſento
Il ſen d'un dolce ardor.
Ah ditemi perchè?
Ci voglio un po' penſar.
Ah preſto decidete——
Tormento come queſto
No, non ſi può trovar.
Udite. E' un vecchio matto;
Sentite. E' ün gran gaſcone,
Pazienza, tempo ancora
Ci vuol per queſto affar:
La rabbia mi divora,
Mi ſento oh Dio! crepar.
Mio Nume—non v' aſcolto—
Mio Sole—più non ſento:
In sì crudel cimento
Fan guerra nel mio petto
La collera, il diſpetto,
Più non mi ſo frenar.

Dear love, my happineſs depends entirely on you.

Alas! I have the flames of Veſuvius raging in my breaſt.

Give them fair words a little longer. I am likewiſe roaſted alive with the fire of Cupid. But tell me why? I muſt think on it a little. Well declare yourſelf. It is impoſſible to be in a greater anxiety than I am. Mind here. He is an old fool: He is a great coxcomb—Have a little patience, tis not yet time to ſettle this buſineſs. I am in a terrible paſſion, my rage almoſt choaks me. My charmer—I don't mind you a pin. My ſweet creature—Away, begone. All the furies of hell ſeem to dance in my boſom, I am mad, quite diſtracted, I can no longer contain myſelf.

End of the Musical Entertainment.

ORPHEUS and EURYDICE,

A N

Hiſtorical Ballet,

COMPOSED BY

SIGNOR VESTRIS, *Senior.*

PERFORMERS,

ORPHEUS, Mr. Veſtris, jun. EURYDICE, Mdlle. Hilligſberg,
PLUTO, Mr. Roya, PROSERPINA, Mdlle. Dromat,
SHADE, Mr. Vermeilly, SHADE, Mdlle. Dorival,

TISIPHONE, Mr. Ferrers.

GRACES, Mlle. St. Amand, Mlle. Prevot, and Mlle. Auguſtine.

SYMBOLS of JOY,
Mr. Vermeilly and Mdlle. Mozon.

Figure Dancers.

The Music for the greateſt Part by

Mr. THOMISH.

Painter, - - - *Mr. Muniek.*
Inventor of the Dreſſes, - *Signor Seſtini.*

ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

SCENE I.

THE Theatre repreſents the head of the river Hebrus. A knot of Thracian Virgins deſcend from a rock, and come to preſent their oblations to the Temple of Love---which oblations conſiſt in garlands of flowers.

SCENE II.

Eurydice, attended by four other Thracian Virgins, comes down the ſame rock, and while ſhe puts her foot on the green, ſhe happens to trample on a Serpent, who bites her to death. The expreſſion of her pain, and the conſternation into which her attendants are thrown by this fatal accident, form the action of the ſcene.

Scene

SCENE III.

Orpheus comes down to meet Eurydice in the Ten
of Love, when he finds her expiring in the arms of
attendants. He expreſſes the anguiſh of his heart,
kneels at the ſhrine of Cupid to implore his aſſiſtance.

SCENE IV.

Cupid deſcends from Heaven, expreſſes a ſenſibility
the misfortune of Orpheus, and encourages him to h
that ſhe will be reſtored to life, but gives him to unc
ſtand that ſuch a wonder muſt be the effect of the ſweet
of his harmony. Then with his bow ſtriking on the roc
they break open and form a deep cave, where Cupid po
out a way for Orpheus to deſcend to the Infernal Regi
Orpheus expreſſes the feelings of his gratitude and en
the cave, while Cupid re-aſcends the ſpheres, and
Thracian Virgins, full of joy and aſtoniſhment, withdr

SCENE V.

The Tartarus on one ſide, and the Elyſian Fields
diſtance. Orpheus lulls Cerberus aſleep with his l
and enters the gates of Hell.

SCENE VI.

Orpheus enters the Elyſian Fields, where he ſees
rydice among the happy ſhades. The moment he ſtr
his lyre ſhe recollects him, but is ſoon compelled to
him. Now the Shades inform Orpheus that he can
obtain Eurydice without the conſent of the infernal Dei

So

SCENE VII.

Pluto and Proſerpina are on the Throne, the three Innal Judges at their feet; the Parcæ on one ſide and the ries on the other. Orpheus kneels before Pluto, but ds him inexorable. Proſerpina, however, moved by e plaintive notes of Orpheus, interferes in his behalf, d Pluto condeſcends to let him reſcue Eurydice, on this ndition, that he ſhall not look at her till ſhe is out of e regions of darkneſs.

SCENE VIII.

It repreſents the ſame as ſcene V. Orpheus takes Eudice by the hand without looking at her; but as ſhe es not know the decree of Pluto, ſhe requeſts of Orpheus e favor of a ſingle look, in ſuch a preſſing manner, that cannot reſiſt her intreaties. The moment Orpheus turns s eyes on Eurydice, the Furies advance to execute the der of Pluto, and Eurydice diſappears.

SCENE THE LAST.

While Orpheus is in the utmoſt deſpair for the loſs of s Conſort, Cupid comes, and the Furies diſappear, while ıe ſcene changes to an Enchanted Palace, where Hymen, ıe Graces, and Pleaſures, re-unite to bleſs the conjugal delity of the two lovers.

THE END.

A

LIST

OF THE

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TO THE

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AT THE

NEW OPERA HOUSE,

In the HAYMARKET.

1791.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
MAY
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20. Duke of St. Albans

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121		128 Mrs Pechell
122		127 Mrs. Pouncefort
123 Mr. Stepney		126
124 Mrs. Hill		125

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King's Side. Prince's Side.

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162	139
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159	142
158	143
157	144
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153	148
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151	150

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